

8-10-1884

Letter from Sarah Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts,
to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire,
1884 August 10

Sarah Whitney

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labeled Noon Insidely churning that agreeable comes little that was probably destined to stimulate the appetite of her customers for the contents of the bottles that decorated floor & counters. The story of the kitten having been rehearsed to you by mail the day previous, I need not repeat. I was in too much haste to stop to shed tears over it - but I was very, very sorry for yr loss, which I fear may not be atoned for by the fulfilment of Madam's promise to supply Haraki's place by a kit of more cheerful temperament. The cried awfully in the basket" was the poor carrier's report, which I did well believe. No wonder that a saucer of milk was less attractive to the poor prisoner than the free air of Grose & surrounding streets. I was sorry to learn from his mother that the boy in Shelburne was not behaving well & thought that I discovered a rationality I had not expected in the Harney". I told him if he did any thing to disgrace Miss Whitney he never shd enter my house again". The other boy was assisting

in the Ice-Cream manufacture & I only had a glimpse of him who had been the scribe & whose words I hope will prove as "sharp" to the younger one's conscience as is necessary for his well-doing.

"Oh yes" was the reply I received more than a week ago to a gentle reminder of a certain business transaction between my sister & the man who was tuning our piano. "I was waiting to see how the piano turned out." "But," said I, "I thought it was an outright sale without any reference to the future." "Oh yes" so it was - it shall be all right!" & there I turned upon upon my heel with more hope than faith in the power of the piano business to create prophets.

On Thurs. the day you were writing of Ed & Ann's arrival, I proposed, when invited to a drive, to call upon our cousins & ask them to lend me a little space in their trunk, & was told by Edw'd that they had gone to Shelburne. I hope Ann's Neuralgia has been cured without the help of the Lotion I was intending to send. I hope too, but don't expect that Charles' report of the glories of Shelburne may tempt our awfully reticent brother to run away from his depressing business case to the invigorating airs of the